

718 Knollwood Street
Winston-Salem, N. C.
April 22, 1957

Dear Motie:

If you care to have the enclosed Song sung in your church, on Mother's Day, I am sure that it will receive a warm welcome by the people of Panama City, as it did, a few years ago, just after it was written, by a large audience in a Church in Birmingham.

I should have answered your letter before now, but I am anything else than a well man, and have no hopes of ever being well again. All that I can do is to pray "Not my will, but Thine be done", and try to rejoice in the promise that "These light afflictions are but for a moment, and work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory", and that "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord, to them that are the called according to His purpose.

Most sincerely,

Your unworthy brother,

H. C. C.

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER

Wherever we wander, wherever we roam,
We love to remember the dearest at home,
When we were but children, unburdened by care,
When life was worth living, when Mother was there.

Chorus

Home, home; sweet, sweet home;
Thank God for the mem'ry of Mother and home.

She lived for her children; we grew in her love,
Till Jesus removed her to heaven above---
I walk thru her chamber, I sit in her chair,
I weep at the grave, but no Mother is there.

O man, if your Mother be living today,
Go write her a letter of love while you may;
She soon may be sleeping in silence alone---
How dark is the home from which Mother has flown.

(Tune---Home, Sweet Home)

Horace C. Carlisle

718 Knollwood Street
Winston-Salem
North Carolina

Mrs. Lillian C. West
The Log Cabin, between
St. Andrews and Panama City
Florida

*not at this
address*

